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Rondeau.

OLD dusty book, you seem to me
Most dull to read and strange to see.
Remembering how you held before
Wise sayings wrest from learning's lore
Who'd thought that this could ever be?

Forsooth, your old-time mystery,
Your maxims staid, your page of glee,
Are lost like past spent minstrelsy,
Old dusty book!

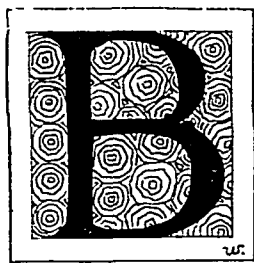
And yet I know, if now I'm free,
That studious hours will give the key
Full wide to ope your closed door
And make me slave to thee the more
'Long paths past trod less scholarly—
Old dusty book!

F. F. DUKETTE.

Shelley the Man and Poet.*

J. LEONARD CARRICO, LITT. B.

(CONCLUSION.)



UT all this misdirected effort seems to have been a training of the author's hand for the production of his masterpieces. Shelley's genius was essentially lyrical. Some of his very defects in epic have contributed to his success in song. There was never a poet that could soar higher or sustain a strain of ideality more perseveringly than Shelley; but long poems, not to be flimsy, must have backbone, something that is at the same time mundane and moral. This Shelley could not, or would not, give his poetry. "Profuse strains of unpremeditated art" are indeed the essence and excellence

of the highest species of lyric, but the epic needs something more than streaks and flashes of rapture. Shelley's impulsive nature, delicate sensibility and exquisite tastes, all fitted him for a lyrist. This the poet himself seems finally to have realized, for the last four years of his short life were devoted almost exclusively to the short poem.

Not everyone enjoys even the lyrics of Shelley. Whether we like or dislike them depends very much upon our own poetic ideals. We should not wonder that such a poet should be variously estimated when we remember that poetry, like light or electricity, has never been satisfactorily defined. Those who hold that the proper object of poetry is truth, and that every poem must have an expressed or implied moral, find little delight in Shelley's dreams. People who take no stock in air ships, and a great many critics, have no interests in common with this "Bard of Cloudland." Shelley must be known and his poetry loved rather through sympathy than through any philosophic rules of criticism.

Poets have been called "The Pioneers in Beauty." If the term is worth anything, Shelley was a frontiersman, and none was ever better equipped than he to explore the regions he has chosen to penetrate. No one wishes to exclude Truth from the court of the Muse, but she is admitted only as attendant to Beauty. Shelley's own idea of poetry, as set forth in his noble "Defense of Poetry," might not be out of place here: "The functions of the poetic faculty are twofold: by one it creates new materials of knowledge, and power and pleasure; by the other it engenders in the mind a desire to reproduce and arrange them according to a certain rhythm and order.... Poetry is not, like reasoning power, to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man can not say "I will write poetry." The greatest poets even can not say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading

* Prize essay in the contest for the English Medal.

coal which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness. This power arises from within like the color of a flower which fades and changes as it develops, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure. Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.... It (inspiration) is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over a sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sand which paves it."

Such was Shelley's idea of poetry, and anyone who has read his odes knows that he "practised what he preached." Shelley has been called oftener, and with more reason than any other, the poets' poet. Even Wordsworth, who wrote a very different species of lyric, admired Shelley's tastes, recognized his power and approved his theory of poetic art. It appears to be a convention among professional critics that poets should write but never judge either their own poetry or that of their fellow-bards. We hold the statesman an authority in diplomacy, the musician in music, the shoemaker in sole-leather, and why not the poet in poetry? Edgar Allen Poe, whose critical judgments will be rightly valued in time, says of Shelley: "If ever poet sang as a bird sings—earnestly—impulsively—with utter abandonment—to himself solely—and for the mere joy of his own song—that poet was the author of the 'Sensitive Plant.' Of art—beyond that which is instinctive with genius—he either had little or disdained all."

According to the nature of the subject the lyrics may be classed into the abstract and the concrete. Most of the earlier are of the first kind. Those written while Shelley was yet "hugging" the theories of Lucretius have a materialistic coloring. But they do not take on the strong, positive expression of the long poems. Here Shelley seems to have thrust in the doctrine, not for its own sake, but only because it served the purpose of his song. "Mutability," "Death," and "A Summer-Evening Churchyard," are tainted in this way, and hence are despondent in tone. But they give evidence of a wonderful lyric power. "The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" is a type of Shelley's spirit-worship. The beautiful sonnet "Ozymandias" is an illustration of Shelley's power in plain art. With three or

four seemingly careless touches he gives us a complete and graphic picture, and in a single line suggests the lesson to be drawn therefrom: "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair." In reading these early lyrics one is impressed by the manner in which the young poet marshals his abstractions. Ease and pointedness are most in evidence where we expect them least. The songs usually begin in a high note, but there is no desperate straining in order to sustain it. However high he goes, he always leaves us under the pleasant impression that he could go ever so much higher were it necessary. The pervading notion in his abstract lyric is not always pleasing, but there is no coarseness, and accounting all, their morality is a credit to the author of "Queen Mab."

All of Shelley's poems possess, despite the flagrant defect of a number of them, some singular merit; but his masterpieces are the odes that have natural objects for their subjects. With all his devotion to abstractions, Shelley was ever an enthusiastic admirer of nature. In truth, his admiration stopped little short of idolatry. He loved the ocean, the river and the mountain; he loved to gaze and wonder at the sky, the cloud and the moon; the song of the bird, the murmur of the brook, and the roar of the wind thrilled him with their harmonies. Nature lost none of her charms on him; he hearkened to her every voice and absorbed all her melodies. With a nature so susceptible to gentle influences, an imagination that could discover every relation and proportion, and a diction so ready, varied and harmonious, it is not a wonder that Shelley excelled in song. It was only some three or four years before his death that he abandoned his metaphysical hobbies in order to sing the praises of nature. We would gladly say something of each of the numerous pieces composed during this period, but we can only take a few of the best.

The "Ode to the West Wind," "The Sensitive Plant," "The Cloud" and "The Skylark," will support Shelley's fame as long as there is an English tongue. In grandeur of conception and delicacy of execution they are not surpassed. Any one of these would satisfy us of the poet's power. The "Ode to the West Wind" is majestic in every line and word. Prosaic must be the mind that is not delighted by that classic description of the leaves fleeing ghostlike before the enchanter, or of the clouds "Shook from the tangled

bows of heaven and ocean." The garden scene in "The Sensitive Plant" is, perhaps, the finest specimen of the dreamer's fancy art; a richer and more exquisite picture has not been painted in words. An ode more beautiful than either the "Ode to the West Wind" or "The Sensitive Plant" is "The Cloud." This ode is one prolonged strain of the softest and richest harmony of which poetry is capable; and amid the flow of melody there is always maintained Shelley's happy accord of sound and sense. Hear again the simple but perfect note at the opening:

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

Note the splendid imagery at the beginning of the second stanza:

I sift the snow on the mountains below
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

And then behold the panoramic splendor of the third:

The sanguine sunrise, with its meteor eyes,
And its burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.

"The Skylark" is the most perfect of Shelley's compositions, and possibly the most perfect lyric in our language—some say in any language. The "Ode to the West Wind" is remarkable for its majesty, "The Sensitive Plant" for its fineness of fancy, "The Cloud" for its music and imagery—"The Skylark" combines all these excellencies with others quite as notable. No direct attack has ever been made on any portion of this ode. Some who are wont to confound poetry and logic, while acknowledging its unrivalled magnificence, complain in general terms of its unreality and extravagance, but these complaints have never been sufficiently heeded to make them important. "The Skylark" has a unique place in literature, and promises to keep it. It fairly disdains the praises as well as the scorns of criticism; we can appreciate it by reading it, not by any cold analysis. Its "clear, keen joyance," its "harmonious madness," its "divine flood of rapture," and "unpremeditated art," recommend it more strongly than any eulogy can do. Wordsworth also has addressed an ode to the skylark, and it is of Wordsworthian merit, but lifeless when placed beside that of Shelley. In justification of the remark let us compare the introductory

stanzas of the two poems, not for the sake of disparaging Wordsworth but to show better the power of Shelley. Wordsworth writes:

Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

The two epithets of the first line are well worthy of the wonderful bird; the second line scarcely sustains the first; the next two are barely poetic, and the fifth is very good prose. Shelley begins:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Our author would not question the bird about her cares for earth, but forgetful of all below follows her upward flight:

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

Sentimental sunsets have become trite in poetry, but this one will remain fresh:

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The group of comparisons in the middle of the ode will remain types of the highest poetry:

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew
Scattering unobtrusive
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,

By the warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

There is something striking in every line of this ode, but its greatest marvel is the ideal, ethereal strain that is preserved so long unbroken. Such we might have looked for in the much shorter ode of Wordsworth. He, too, is lofty now and then, but he is unable to soar; his numbers lack the majestic, energetic march which is the life of Shelley's verse; Wordsworth shows some ease but not the heedless fluency of Shelley; Wordsworth is poetical at times, Shelley always.

After studying thus much of his poetry in detail, we may now mark some of the more prominent and general characteristics of Shelley's manner. Even those who like him least must admit that his poetry is invariably poetic, and this, it seems to us, is the primal, necessary quality of true poetry. Shakspeare says that "the poet is of imagination all compact," and surely Shelley, if any one, answers the description. Lord Macaulay has observed that the terms "bard" and "inspiration," generally so meaningless when applied to modern poets, have a meaning when applied to Shelley. And after reading Shelley we understand better what is meant by the "fine frenzy" and the "poetic vision."

Shelley is not the founder of any school of poetic art. In truth, his art is inimitable, unless it be the imitation of his originality by a kindred genius, and this can never constitute a school. Shelley's thought and execution are all his own: for whatever he has accomplished he deserves the full measure of credit. He never hesitated to violate a rule of rhetoric or to ignore any of the conventionalities of art when its violation would serve his purpose better than its observance. This independence was one of the secrets of his success, but it is a practice which no less a genius than Shelley—a genius that can replace what it rejects with something better—can indulge. His versification is not regular, but it has what is better than studied regularity: ease, freedom, grace and cadence. Speaking of his diction, Poe says: "If ever mortal 'wreaked his thoughts upon expression' it was Shelley." Everyone has experienced

how difficult and nearly impossible it is sometimes to put in words just what we think and feel; but Shelley's power seems ever to grow with the difficulty, and often we find him wandering boldly, carelessly, but surely where strong poets might stumble, and where the weaker could not dare.

All who have read either the lyrics or the longer poems must have marked the Shelleyan charm of their style, their energy, ethereality, and classical refinement. Macaulay declares that Shelley had, more than any other modern poet, the qualities of the great old masters. The partisans of the conservative school regard Shelley as an unreclaimable extravagant. They think that his language and sentiment is not that of a really rational man; that his pictures are overdrawn and over-colored; that he has given us men and things not as they exist, but as he would wish them. It would be useless for any admirer of Shelley's art to attempt a reasoning with them, because there is no common ground; many things, however, might be said on this point for our own satisfaction. Most poets make a business of trying to realize the ideal; Shelley was wont to idealize the real. Everyone may judge for himself which is the higher and more creditable art. If Shelley is to be deemed extravagant he must then be given the credit of being uniformly so; we venture to say that no other poet is so seldom guilty of purple patches. To those who rail at Shelley's extravaganzas, a blade of grass, a drop of blood, or the wing of a butterfly, when seen through a magnifying glass must seem very extravagant and overdone; and yet the glass is necessary to reveal the beautiful lines and colors. To them a six-foot statue of Napoleon must be ridiculously absurd, no matter how well its proportions be observed. Some, again, complain of the melancholy spirit that pervades much of Shelley's best poetry. Nothing better can be offered them than the poet's own unintentional refutation: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

Many, perhaps, will take exception to some of the views we have here expressed; in answer to whom we shall plead no infallibility of judgment, but despite his several indefensible defects, despite all his moral and social heresies, we believe that in pure imaginative excellence, splendor of imagery, delicacy of fancy, and sublimity of diction, Shelley's superior has not yet written.

Reward of Justice.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

(Horace, Odes III., 3.)

THE man of principle stands firm: no wrath
Of weak, misguided judges shakes his mind,
Nor angry threats of kings, however strong;
Nor does he yield to blustering Auster Wind
Who roils the Adriatic with his breath,
Nor fears he Jove's great thunder-hurling hand;
Nay, if the heavens should split, amid the shower
Of shattered spheres untrembling would he stand.
Right living won for wandering Hercules
And weary Pollux constellated heights;
Our own Augustus nectar of the gods shall drink,
With fresh-dyed lips, reclined between these lights.
Thy virtue, father Bacchus, tamed the beasts
That fretted in thy yoke's too narrow room;
Quirinus in his martial chariot borne
Escaped wide Acheron's foul deeps whose gloom
The other gods were willing he should know,
Till Juno in the council warning gave:
"Fate in the alien woman's form and he
The judge of beauty, passion-sated slave,
Have laid Troy in the dust, Troy, mine
And chaste Minerva's destined prey since strong
Laomedon forsook the faithful gods:
To us the people and their king belong.
No longer does the Spartan queen enjoy
Her host's embrace, nor Priam's old domain,
Stayed by the grace of noble Hector's deeds,
The mail-clad fury of the Greeks sustain.
The storm our daring plots protracted long
Has quieted, forthwith shall I restore—
Now that my wrath has ceased—to Mars his son,
The hated child a Trojan priestess bore.
To him I soon shall grant a resting-place,
A starry home where, drinking nectarous wine,
In ease and quietude profound he'll live,
Admitted to the ranks of those divine.
The shores of Rome and Troy—their morals too—
Are seas apart; while thus divides this wave,
Though subject exiles happy may they be;
While over Paris' dust and Priam's grave
The cattle daily trod, and wild she-wolves
Amid the wreck of Troy their young defend,
Still clear the Capitol shall gleam, and Rome
O'er conquered Medes her reign of law extend.
Her dreaded name shall ring on every shore,
And far across the sea that rolls between
Europe's hills and Afra's fertile plains,
Made by the Nile's spring floods a blooming green.
By leaving earth the gold she guards so well,
Wise Rome shall envy's lust and greed withstand;
The things for gods designed she passes by,
Nor touches them with sacrilegious hand.

Nor shall the wide earth's boundaries hold back
Her arms, but, striving ever, ambitious still,
She'll pass the limits of the farthest zone,
Where lightnings blaze and constant dews distil.

By right divine on impious citizens
Most direful fates I speedily will send,
If men be faithless to the trust imposed
And seek the sundered roofs of Troy to mend.

Ah, woeful fate if ruined Troy should rise!
The same sad days she needs must live again,
While I, the sister and the spouse of Jove,
Should o'er her dust still hold victorious reign.

If thrice the brass-ridged wall should be rebuilt
By Phœbus' aid, still thrice should it be burned
And levelled by my Greeks; thrice widowed wives
Should weep their sons from battle unreturned.

But for such themes my lyre is lacking strings;
My nimble Muse, where speedest thou away?
Seek not to echo accents of the gods,
Descend to earth, some simple measure play.

An Experience.

LOUIS F. FETHERSTON, '04.

"It is strange from what absurd causes fear arises in a man," said the chief of detectives to the reporter. It is a common thing to hear of some locomotive engineer losing his nerve merely because the crunching of the wheels produced such an effect on his imagination that he appeared to see a wreck and, in consequence, refused to enter the cab again. And in our profession, we often meet even the most hardened criminals who are diverted from participation in a crime by some slight incident which serves as a warning to them. Occasionally, too, our officers lose their nerve, but during my twenty-five years' experience in police affairs, I can truthfully say that on one occasion only did I weaken. It was this way:

I was living in London at the time and was trying to decide what kind of an occupation to follow. My leaning had always been toward the police department. Almost constantly in the open air and full of excitement, the life seemed to be that for which I was most fitted. I had an excellent physique and, moreover, possessed that quality so requisite in a police officer—fearlessness. Never in my life had I been afraid of anything, and even in childhood I was a hero among my companions for dark places and lonely ways had no terrors for me.

I applied for and easily obtained a position on the force. It is customary in London

when a new man joins to assign him to the worst district in the city and leave him there for a week or two on probation. Consequently, I was assigned to a district in the Whitechapel, perhaps the greatest seat of crime in any large city in the world. Things, however, passed smoothly, and I was inclined to believe that the place was not nearly so bad as described. I was soon to be transferred to another beat when the event occurred that almost caused me to sever all connections with the police department.

It happened that in the early evening a dead body had been found in an old building. The body was that of a man who had been engaged in several murders and robberies, an all-around hard character much sought after by the officials and who, no doubt, had taken this method of evading justice. Johnson, who, like myself, was a new man, had been guarding the body since its discovery. I was told by the Chief to relieve Johnson and to watch the body until some time in the morning when I, in turn, would be relieved.

I knew the place well. It was a lone two-story building, had originally been a boarding house of some kind, but was now deserted by all of its inhabitants except the rats. The body lay in the upper story to which there was but one entry,—a door in the front and up a rickety flight of stairs. From these a long hallway extended the entire length of the building and on each side of this hallway were rooms. The plaster was continually dropping from the walls and ceilings and the window panes were broken out, giving the place an air of utter desolation. At one time a number of criminals had used this as a hang-out, but the vigilance of the police had driven them away. And to this place I was ordered to report at ten o'clock to relieve Johnson who would give me all necessary instructions.

The body lay on a mattress in the rear of the building. Johnson stated that I was merely to keep the rats away from the body and took his departure, and as I heard the echo of his receding footsteps down the hallway and the dull boom of the door as it closed behind him, a feeling of loneliness came over me.

I picked up the candle and went over to examine the body. It was that of a man about forty years of age. The sufferings from the poison must have been terrible, for the eyes were staring and the face distorted. I placed the candle on a box, sat down on an old stool and began the lonely vigil,

I was an habitual user of tobacco and unluckily my stock had run low, a fact which greatly annoyed me for I had counted on the influence of my pipe to drive away the tedium of the long hours. For some time I amused myself by throwing missiles at the rats, but this soon ceased to be a diversion.

The candle was beginning to burn low. It couldn't possibly last for more than an hour. I went over to the dead man, and while looking at him a thought came to me, why not take a sleep myself? So moving the corpse closer to the wall I lay down in such a manner that the rats, in order to get at the body, would have to awaken me. I had barely fallen asleep when I was suddenly awakened by a half-stifled moan. Almost paralyzed with fear, I raised myself to a sitting posture and looked about. The burning wick of the candle had fallen, and after making a few feeble flutterings, went out, leaving the room in total darkness. I thought I had been mistaken in regard to the sound, and lay down again, but suddenly from the dead man beside me came that weird noise as if some one was making a last feeble gasp for breath. I sprang up and rushed to the opposite side of the room. I had almost made up my mind to desert my post when I heard the outer door open and the sound of footsteps coming up the hallway. It seemed almost an age before the relief entered the room, the glare of his lantern lighting it up. He glanced at me and exclaimed, "Great heavens, Jack, what's the matter?" I could only gasp, "The dead man, he's come to life," and as I said this the sound was heard again. The officer stepped quickly over to the corpse and, after examining it, burst into a laugh, saying: "Why, he's as dead as a door nail."

"But the sounds," said I.

"Oh, that's only the working of the poison," he replied.

The Growth of the Early State.

Long before men organized for the common weal they had formed other institutions. The first of these was the family, but not the family as we know it. The social instinct was implanted in man at the beginning when God made Adam and Eve. After their disobedience the human race continued to fall socially and morally until at last only a few were saved from the wrath their sins merited. These few again reseeded the earth,

but their descendants degenerated. All this time man's needs were few and easily satisfied. Wild fruit and edible roots were plentiful and animals numerous. The latter not only furnished food but also clothing. Man as yet did not till the fields, he had no domesticated friends, and his mode of life differed little from the savage tribes of the present day.

Meanwhile his craving for companionship was asserting itself. He did not confine himself to one wife, nor yet are we justified in believing that he lived in promiscuous intercourse. The latter condition would have interfered seriously with the increase in population, and we have no proof that it ever prevailed. Indeed within certain savage communities intercourse between the sexes is kept within well-defined limits.

Later, man took another step. He ceased to depend wholly on hunting and fishing for his livelihood. He commenced to raise flocks and herds and moved about with them from place to place. However, his numbers increased to such an extent that he was obliged to look further for the means of support, and settled down to agriculture. The primitive man did not work out his career alone. He yearned for the company of his fellows, and to satisfy a common desire and protect himself from ferocious animals and foes of his kind he became one of a group or horde. United in this rude fashion the members made war together; they worshipped together and they hearkened to some common leader.

Religion of some sort man always had. Property came later, probably when man began to domesticate animals. A man tamed a horse or a dog and either became attached to him; or he made a raft and soon learned the advantage of having it wholly for his own use. This led him to go still further. If he had a wife or children he wanted them also for himself and he erected a dwelling in which all might live.

Into his new home man brought his religious worship. Hitherto he worshipped with his fellows, but now all is changed. The hearth is his altar and to the fire burning thereon he offers sacrifices. It helped to cook his food and to make him warm, and in recognition of these services he makes it a libation of wine and corn, and when the flames leap afresh he is satisfied that the god is pleased. Some of the prayers offered have come down to us and were more worthy of the Almighty. Among the Hindoos the fire was called Agni,

and one of their invocations runs thus: "O Agni, thou placest upon the good way the man who has wandered into the bad. . . . If we have committed a fault, if we have gone far from thee, pardon us." So much reverence was had for the fire that in early Greece a guilty man had to purify himself before approaching the hearth. The fire had other than material uses; it was a god that knew man's duties and was pleased or displeased according to the manner in which he performed them.

We see now that the family has begun to appear, that private property is established, that each household has its own religion. But where there is a religion there must be some one to perform the ceremonies. Who is appointed for this purpose? The father. He was universally regarded as the giver of life, the possessor of the reproductive forces of generation. In begetting a son the father transmitted "his creed, his worship, the right to continue the sacred fire, to offer the funeral meal, to pronounce the formulas of prayer." Religion rather than strength or force was the very foundation of the father's authority, and that authority was derived from his priestly office. He stood next to the household god and was the supreme judge of all crime committed within the family. And a strict code of ethics the family religion established. An immoral act was a gross insult to the god of the hearth. A murderer could not offer sacrifice until he had done an act of expiation; adultery was the gravest of crimes; marriage was practically indissoluble and a violation of its duties was punished both in this world and the next. And where purity dwelt there also flourished the domestic virtues, respect and reverence for parents and love for home. These prevailing sentiments are well expressed in *De Legibus*: "Here is my religion, here is my race, here are the traces of my forefathers. I can not express the charm which I find here and which penetrates my heart and my senses."

We next come to a period when the family has evolved into a gens. This institution is found among the Greeks and the Romans, and corresponded to the Gaelic clan. The members had a common legislation and religion; they bore the same name and they were responsible for all obligations that any one of them incurred. The gens, like the family, oikos, or sept, was knit together by ties of kindred and that kindred embraced

all who joined in the worship of a common ancestor. The members of the gens were far more numerous than those of the family. We find the Claudian gens remaining intact for seven generations. The gens had its chief, its system of laws, its common worship and common burying ground. It was stronger and more highly developed than the family, but it remained isolated. No one gens allied or coalesced with another.

There came a time, however, when the exclusiveness of the gens began to give way. Instead of each family sticking to its household god several families agreed to worship a common and higher divinity. Then was formed the phratia or curia which in its organization was modelled on the family. It had its common worship, ruler, laws and customs. In time several of these communities united and formed the tribe. Again the membership was increased, but in other respects the tribe differed little from the organizations out of which it grew.

Again the politic disposition manifested itself. The tribes were not content to live apart. Some of them agreed to worship together just as did the families and gens on former occasions. When this happened another stride in the direction of the state was made,—a city was formed. But while two or more phraties or tribes united on some matters they remained apart on others; each preserved its own independent existence. Thus the city was composed of a number of confederacies. A man might be a member of a family, tribe, and city just as to-day he may be at the same time a citizen of Chicago, of Illinois, of the United States.

This transition from tribe to city was marked by an important change in man's religious belief. From his ancestors he turned to the forces of nature. The sun and the wind and the lightning—these elements impressed man and to them he gave worship and reverence. With the expansion of his spiritual horizon came a broader charity. Jupiter was the god of hospitality and in his name strangers were to be treated as brothers. The condition on which one tribe associated with another was that the religion of each should be respected. Sometimes the fusion of tribes was brought about by common interest, but more often it was effected by conquest.

The most notable instance of tribal alliance is that of the Romans and Sabines. After the Latin settlers on the Palatine and the

Sabine invaders on the Capitol and the Quirinal had tried in vain to bring each other into submission they mutually agreed to form a confederacy and live in peace and friendship. When this was done the Roman state was born and the foundation of the future greatness of Rome assured. Unlike other leagues between tribes the Romans strengthened their union by merging the will of the citizens in the national will expressed through the senate. Religion still continued to be the important element in the state. The duties of the ruler, however, became more extensive. Not only was he high-priest but he was also king and as such he had to act as supreme judge and military leader. The Roman state grew in size and power; it formulated laws and extended its dominion until at last it dominated all that was worth possessing of the then known world.

The state thus formed literally owned the individual. There was little semblance of individual liberty. The citizen had no initiative; he had to follow the religion the state prescribed, to render military service the greater part of his life, to marry as the state commanded and to give his children to the state to be instructed. There was no demand the state might ask of him that he could refuse. He was nothing only inasmuch as he was useful in furthering the ends of the state. The doctrine that the state was formed for the safety and comfort of the individual was then unknown. P.

The Would-Be.

E. F. QUIGLEY.

It was a gala day for the town of Maxwell that Jasper Brown strolled down the main street and engaged board and lodging at the Mason House for an indefinite period. The inhabitants were immediately astir to discover, by whatever means they could, who the newcomer was, whence he came, and why he chose to honor Maxwell with a sojourn. No potentate would have been gazed at with more awe than was the gentleman who had written in a bold hand, "Jasper Brown, New York," upon the hotel register, beside the picture of a horse and buggy in Bill Holt's livery stable advertisement.

When it was learned from Hiram Mason that Brown had dropped off at Maxwell

"tu rest fer a while an' fish 'casionally at th' Black Hole on Black Creek," the good townspeople were contented, and resumed the even tenor of their ways until another week should develop still further information concerning the new boarder.

Now it happened that Jasper Brown had been a student at a state university which requested Jasper, for the health of the institution, to take a prolonged leave of absence. Not caring to go home and having but little money he set about to find a cheap place to while away a month, which explains his presence at Maxwell. In two days the young "Faculty Terror" discovered that the simple people accorded him more attention and respect than had been paid to men of his class at the university, and it is needless to suppose for a moment that he did not pose accordingly as one quite suited to be deemed paramount in his opinions and influences.

It was about the end of April, and one evening Joe Hepburn proudly remarked in front of the hotel that he had been around with a paper, and that the Maxwell baseball team was again to be organized with a very favorable outlook. A cloud-burst could not have caused more confusion than the announcement of Jasper Brown that he had played third base on the New York team for three years. The news spread like wildfire and the next day a committee called on Brown and solicited him to coach the local team. The league player responded that he had come to Maxwell merely to rest up, but whatever time he did not have at his disposal he would willingly devote to "practising the aspirants to be accurate on their feet." After that day the renowned coach owned the town.

On Decoration Day a good game between the Ralston and the Maxwell teams was scheduled, neither nine had lost a game and the championship of the county was to be decided. The day dawned memorable for its beauty, and hundreds assembled in the afternoon at the village commons to see the game.

The rival teams were so evenly matched that in the last half of the eighth inning, the score stood sixteen to fifteen in favor of the visitors, when Maxwell's third baseman was hit through a wild throw and totally disabled. Excitement was intense. The home team had but one substitute, a mere boy who would soon be up to bat. It would be deplorable indeed to lose through him what might chance to be a tie or perhaps a victory.

Suddenly some one in the crowd shouted: "Put Brown in," and the spectators immediately realizing that the visiting team was ignorant as to that personage, took up the cry. A rush was made at once for the would-be league player who had never played

even in a college game of ball. Brown expostulated but to no avail; they pulled him off the bench, and almost before he knew what he was doing he found himself in a Maxwell red uniform on first base. He tried his best to keep cool, but his knees fairly knocked together and he didn't have the nerve to confess then that he was a fake.

The crowd was now sure of a victory, with the wonder of the East on the diamond, and were rooting vociferously.

Suddenly the catcher muffed a ball and a brilliant opening was left for the base runner to steal. A cheer went up and Brown started to second. The second baseman yelled: "Go back!" when lo! was the leaguer rattled? A murmur of surprise was heard when Brown retraced his footsteps to first. The fellow on second guyed him, and the Ralston team laughed, but some one shouted, "Never mind, he knows the game," and the crowd again awaited an exhibition of phenomenal base stealing. However, the inning was soon over without a score. Then Jasper Brown sallied over to third base his teeth chattering. Once more the spectators anxiously watched him for some clever infieliding, but no opportunity afforded them the disappointment.

It was the last half of the ninth inning. The Maxwell team came in for last bats. The first one up struck out. The second man got a hit and the crowd was mad with delight. They groaned, however, the next moment for the third batter was put out at first. Then the mighty Brown was called to bat; once more the roar of a thousands voices betokened new hopes, for the runner had reached third base and the terrible smasher was to bat. Now was when Brown would show his mettle. The first ball he let pass and the umpire shouted: "Strike!" Brown pulled himself together and made a terrible swing at the next ball which looked pretty and was the kind Brown told the villagers he liked. Alas! he smashed naught but air.

Poor Brown—he wished he was a thousand miles away. He ground his teeth to keep from fainting. In another moment the crowd would hoot at him and he could already feel their kicks and cuffs. Again he saw the ball coming and knew that it would pass over the plate. He closed his eyes and lunged forward. Something hit his arm, a great roar was in his ears and he stumbled. The next thing he knew he was running away from the excited mob; on and on he ran, he knew not where. Now he saw the yelling mass close in on him. At last they caught him—Jasper Brown—he was writhing in their midst. Was it so? Yes—the New York League Team's Third Baseman had saved the day. Jasper Brown had knocked the first home run of his life.

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—Notre Dame has begun another year under notably improved conditions. The older students must remark the desirable changes that have been made in almost every department; and though they may not understand what an immense expense these improvements necessitated, they are able to appreciate what has been done for their well-being. At every turn here it is evident that the authorities and all the professors have the best interests of their charges at heart. There is no detail, however insignificant, of class matters, boarding or lodging neglected. In fact, the wonder is how all these can be so harmoniously and so satisfactorily arranged. Those who are familiar with the institution and its ways have already learned that the happiness so manifest in every quarter of Notre Dame is made possible through the unremitting care and attention of the Very Reverend President and his large corps of willing assistants. Under such circumstances we may expect only the best results. The attendance at this writing is very large and the outlook most promising that there will be a still greater number enrolled before the work of the session is well under way. Sympathetic, earnest co-operation of all the students we feel will not be wanting. It is absolutely necessary to secure the one aim of the University. To the workers in every department the SCHOLASTIC extends cordial greeting, and wishes all well-merited success.

—In the bustle of the past week many of us may have overlooked the fact that last Wednesday was the centennial of the birth of Orestes A. Brownson, the great American whose mortal remains repose under a marble slab in the basement of the Church of the Sacred Heart. The story of Brownson's life is full of inspiration and should afford a good object lesson to the ambitious student. Encompassed in youth by circumstances which only the poor have to combat, he had

little time for study and early was obliged to earn his own living. His books were few but cherished, and his hours of daily companionship with them fewer still. Yet this heroic man by dint of perseverance and industry, combined with the judicious use of his extraordinary talents, became one of the most profound scholars and thinkers that America has produced. He became indeed America's philosopher. His works, of which complete sets may be seen in the library, are almost an encyclopedia in themselves. How unceasing his energy may be inferred from the amount of his writings which fill twenty large volumes. After a very active, useful life, in which he passed through the crucible of belief and unbelief, he died in his seventy-third year, a faithful member of the Catholic Church. Brownson is freely conceded to be the greatest American Catholic philosopher, in some respects perhaps the greatest American, of the nineteenth century. It is hoped this brief mention will serve to awaken among the students a desire to be better acquainted with the life and labors of this wonderful man.

—Universities like governments go on and on, and as with the universities, so with the university paper. The quill and the blue pencil must of necessity be given exercise and the regular issue must be put forth whether this be done by new hands or by what is left of the old guard. Since vacation began much dust has accumulated on the editor's chair and much corrosive rust upon his traditional pen. About the sanctum are lodged memories principally—and a questionable grist of past-discarded manuscripts. As the ink-pot is refilled a reminiscent haze envelops the worried editor, and his dreams are not productive of copy. Still, at this season, every action must have to do with the present and the future. Regret can mar only what is past. Soon the machinery, mental and otherwise, will be pounding on at the requisite velocity, and some more college history will be made. After the language of Poor Richard Junior, the SCHOLASTIC states that in the absence of idea students the market for real students continues active. Studiousness is contagious. It is a contagion, however, easily combated. Each student's part lies in that he keep the atmosphere to his best ability charged with work and responsibility.

—A very distinguished Frenchman is this week the guest of Notre Dame. The celebrated Abbé Klein, professor of French literature in the Catholic University of Paris and an author and translator of wide repute, is spending a few days with his friend, the Very Reverend Dr. Zahm.

The purpose of his visit to America is to study the relations between Church and State as they exist under a true democratic form of government, and to embody his impressions in a book in which he hopes to show his countrymen the importance of being energetic in education and the advantages of a government that does not interfere in religious matter. In this way he expects to impart a useful object lesson in initiative and public tolerance.

The Abbé, like so many of his educated countrymen, is a most polite and genial gentleman, and an interview with him is an instructive experience. This is particularly true when he discusses the present condition of France upon which he is a recognized authority.

In accounting for the persecution of the religious he said that the present ministry is anti-Christian and that some of the politicians industriously spread the impression among the people that the religious orders are opposed to a republican form of government. This impression might have some truth in it years ago, but now it is utterly false.

It was a mistake to think that any of the clergy of France were pleased with the breaking up of Catholic schools and the expulsion of the religious. It should be borne in mind that the relations between the French secular clergy and the French government are entirely different from those that prevail in this country and consequently a correct impression can not be had from an American standpoint.

The extreme rashness of the enemies of the Church in France will, he believes, bring about a crisis that will stir the people to a sense of their duty. In a short time a separation between the Church and State is likely to occur, which will in the end be for the general good.

Before his return to France the Abbé will travel extensively through the United States to gain a better knowledge of existing conditions. He is a warm admirer of Bishop Spalding, many of whose works he has translated and with which the reading public of France are daily growing more familiar.

A Tribute to the Dead.

The funeral services for the late Rev. Eugene O'Growney, held last Wednesday in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, draws attention to that man, whose remains are now being borne from sunny California to be laid in Irish earth in the cemetery of Glasnevin, Dublin.

The funeral cortege, on its way eastward, halted in Chicago to give the Irishmen of that city an opportunity to pay their respects to the deceased priest and scholar; and the Rev. President Morrissey was invited from Notre Dame to celebrate the Solemn High Mass for the occasion.

The life of Father O'Growney is familiar to all who have watched with any interest the recent revival of the Celtic languages. Born in the County Meath, Ireland, in 1863, it is said that he grew up to early manhood without even knowing that such a language as Gaelic existed. Only on entering the Diocesan Seminary at Navan in his native county did he learn that there was such a tongue. When he discovered that Ireland had a national language, an unquenchable desire took possession of him to study and master it, and to revive it among his countrymen.

The young enthusiast was hampered by many difficulties. First of all he was to undertake the revival of a language a syllable of which he had never heard spoken. Living in the region of the Pale, in which the Gaelic speech had been hushed for many years, he found nobody to teach him.

In the autumn of 1882 he entered Maynooth College, and here for the first time he came in contact with men who spoke the language with as much fluency as English. From the west of Ireland came to Maynooth students whose first lisps had been in the soft tongue of the Gael, and when young O'Growney heard the ripple and cadence of the musical utterances his enthusiasm revived, and he applied himself with renewed energy in his leisure moments to the study of the language.

In the library of Maynooth college he found all the books necessary for his undertaking, and by the assistance of his newly-made Irish-speaking friends, he soon had a vocabulary and could converse in Irish. So rapid was his progress that in 1890 he had an international reputation as a Gaelic scholar, and was made co-editor of the *Gaelic Journal* which had been

started by the Gaelic Union a few years before.

During his vacations as student of Maynooth, he made visits to the west of Ireland to learn the language as it is spoken. Before his time, the custom among scholars was to study Irish exclusively from books, and to despise any such knowledge as came from the common people. O'Growney, thinking that if Irish had any chance of revival at all, its resuscitation must be on a living basis, went to the living source, and among the peasantry in the western islands acquired a thorough knowledge of their speech.

His first step in the revival of the language was his weekly contribution of "Simple Lessons in Irish" to the *Weekly Freeman*, Dublin. The plan of these exercises was so simple, that the study of Irish immediately attained a widespread popularity. In regions where the Gaelic speech had not been heard for centuries, in the fashionable drawing-rooms of Dublin, wherever in the old world or the new, Irishmen with a breath of national spirit could be found, old Irish salutations and endearing exchanges began to be made in the long-forgotten tongue.

About this time Father O'Growney was made a member of the Royal Irish Academy and also of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. In 1893, he was identified with the organization of the Gaelic League, in whose cause he labored untiringly till his death.

His "Simple Lessons in Irish," being published in booklets, soon became popular in America, and an enthusiastic movement was started among the Irish in the new continent. Branches of the Gaelic League were formed in all the principal cities throughout the land, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians endowed a chair of Gaelic in the Catholic University, Washington.

Owing to the strain of his continued labors, Father O'Growney's health broke down, and in 1894 his physicians advised him to seek a mild climate. The climate of Arizona was deemed suitable to his condition, and in the fall of 1894 he arrived in New York. He was accorded numerous receptions on his journey westward, and the greatest consolation he had in his wasting health was the thought of the magnificent progress of the Gaelic League in America.

Unfortunately the evil effects of over-exertion were not to be removed by a change of climate, and in spite of medical care the

priest-scholar died in the Sisters' Hospital at Los Angeles, California, on October 18, 1899, at the early age of thirty-six years. His greatest regret on his deathbed was that he was unable to return to die in his native land and be buried in Irish soil.

A short time after his death a subscription was started by *The Gael*, a New York publication. The object of the subscription was to gratify Father O'Growney's dying wish, and the result was a fund which makes possible the present transfer of his remains.

A grand reception awaits the funeral in Ireland, and it is expected that the burial at Glasnevin will be the most solemn event witnessed in Ireland in many years.

F. BARRY.

Choosing a Profession.

One of the most serious problems for a young man to solve is: what profession or occupation is he going to pursue? The average youth will change his mind perhaps a dozen times before he makes a permanent decision, and it is not seldom that he works a year or two at one employment and then learns his mistake.

The influence of the parents over the boy, especially that of the father is liable to have a great bearing on the child's choice of occupation, and yet we know of instances when the children act, in this respect, directly opposite to their parents' wishes. It is a matter for each young man to decide, and the accuracy of the decision will be marked by his degree of success.

It is not unusually the case that the father desires the son to take up the same business or profession that he, himself, pursued. This is not unnatural, for the earnest father is ever watching over the welfare of his son, and nothing would please him more than to see his son prospering in his own chosen occupation. Even when a mere boy the son is taken on the father's knee, and the parent with a burst of pride, tells the mother, or, perhaps some visiting friends, that *his* boy is going to be a merchant, or a banker, or a lawyer. The little fellow knows not, at the time, the nature of these different occupations, but he resolves, then and there, to follow this or that kind of employment. And he is sincere about it, too. As the lad grows older, year by year, he hears other little boys say that

they are going to be doctors, farmers, or ministers. This sets him to thinking. He knows a doctor in his home city, who has a very nice residence, drives a splendid team, and seems to have everything he could wish for. He also knows a farmer, who owns sections of land and who has whole herds and flocks. He too, desires to be rich. But this little boy has gone to school, and he remembers of reading, and has often heard his mother say that wealth would make no one happy. This sets him to thinking again. A minister! Why could he not be a priest and spend his whole life in doing good works, praying and caring for his flock, and thus make heaven the more secure. But the hardship and loneliness of such a life make him hesitate, and he turns his mind elsewhere. History is a favorite study of his, and he is a great admirer of heroes. He now has an almost passionate desire to become famous, and he resolves to be a soldier or a politician. He has hardly decided to do this, when he thinks of something else that would suit him better. The more he thinks about what he would like to do, the more uncertain is he as to what he is going to do.

He is now a young man and ready to enter college. His father is still hoping that the son will choose a certain profession, but, like a devoted parent, leaves it for the son to decide. Not having come to any definite conclusion, the lad enters college and takes up the most general collegiate course. This means four years more of thinking and racking the brain, trying to find out which calling he is chosen to pursue. He feels sure that he could succeed in one line, but is of the opinion that he can do better in something else. He reads of the thousands of young men who are graduated annually, in the different professions, and he begins to fear the immensity of the competition. The end of his college course is drawing near and something must be done. He thinks harder than ever, and finally announces that he is going to pursue a certain course and thenceforth makes every effort to perfect himself along that one particular line.

It seems that every young man must go through a great deal of worry and discomfiture in determining the path he will pursue in the rocky and uncertain journey of life. And how sad it is to think of the great number of them who fail, simply because they have chosen the wrong course. Every individual is peculiarly

fitted for a certain kind of work. The Creator has designed us that way, and He undoubtedly did so for a very wise purpose. Not all of us, it is true, have the same amount of talent or ability, but we can all succeed, if we will only apply ourselves. It is not the business or profession that proves a failure, but the man who pursues it. We often hear of hundreds of doctors or lawyers in one city, who are hardly making a living. This may be true, and a sad state of affairs, indeed, but it is no fault of the medical or legal profession. There are not too many doctors and lawyers, but simply an over supply of quacks and shysters.

It is well for a young man to choose his profession or occupation as early as possible, and then centre his whole life upon that one pursuit. We are all familiar with the old but authentic proverb: "a jack of all trades is master of none." A good doctor is one who studies his profession every day of his life; an ideal merchant is one who is always willing to learn more about his particular business and the successful lawyer is he who makes the law a life study. Each one of us should try to make himself the best in his line. If the young man will do this, his fellow-men will respect him and success will be his.

J. J. MEYERS, Law, '04.

Suggestions on Mathematics.

Of all studies none perhaps is so much detested and hated as the study of mathematics. The mere mention of algebra, geometry or trigonometry seems to shock the very nerves of students. Certainly they can not have an instinct that is directly opposed to these studies, and yet the majority of students will say that they do not like this branch of study before they ever know what it treats of. The reason for this likely is that in their youth they are told there is no royal road to mathematics. This is true; for it is one of the manly studies; it has no pity on the weak; it gives very poor results to half-hearted attempts; it calls upon the student's entire attention and energy and it insists on continued application.

Every other study demands almost the same amount of work and attention; but the real cause of so many students failing in their attempt to master mathematics is because they do not know how to study, or are negli-

gent in applying the principles they have learned. If we were to take a glance at the progressive steps of this study, we should see that they are all in conformity with the law of continuity. According to this law a student must always depend upon what he has previously learned; that is, whatever he learns is made to grow out of that which he already knows. Hence it may be said that there are three requirements that are demanded from the student in order that he may be successful in the solution of mathematical problems.

First, he must have a thorough understanding of the subject-matter he has already covered. Nowadays there seems to be a tendency to substitute memory and imitation for understanding. In fact, this is the stumbling-block of the majority of students. It might be a good thing to remember that it would require a genius to memorize all plane and solid geometry in the time that students ordinarily spend at it, and secondly, that a student who wishes to solve an original problem can not always find another problem to imitate. No, he must understand what he has previously learned; he must know it thoroughly and have grasped it firmly, and then he will work out problems in his own way.

Many a teacher, no doubt, has been surprised to learn that more than one of his pupils has passed through geometry without knowing the meaning of "bisect," "tangent to," "similar to," etc. A good rule is never to accept any principle, maxim, theorem, formula or definition without thoroughly understanding it; for nothing is so disgusting and discouraging as to see a student pretending to know something which he does not understand. Ignorance certainly is not bliss when one tries to solve a problem according to some rule or formula which one has not perfectly comprehended. On the other hand, pleasure and success always accompany a thorough knowledge of a problem.

Now as regards the second point: What we see from our own point of view we understand best. Hence the bringing of our faculty of observation into play is one of the greatest aids in studying mathematics. A reason why most people do not like this study is because they hate to memorize. They think that everything must be learned off by heart, whereas the very opposite is true. Teachers always advise beginners to use their observation and to understand the

text, not to memorize it; for mathematics gives rise to reasoning, action and experience, and hence requires observation and investigation, not memorization.

Nearly every student of mathematics has, no doubt, worked out a problem according to some special rule under which it happened to come, but in the end has found out that if he had observed the form of the problem he could have solved it by some short and easy process. In geometry the faculty of observation must be employed more than in algebra. In fact, the proof of every proposition, whether original or not, requires the student to observe the points in which it can be made to depend upon previous demonstrations.

Some students have a very good power of mathematical observation and understand everything they have gone over perfectly, but lack self-reliance or will-power. We daily hear it said that the most important elements of an education is the acquisition of the habit of persistent and self-reliant labor. Hence self-reliance should be cultivated by all alike, and for this reason a teacher should never do for the pupil what he knows the pupil can do for himself. It is perfectly proper for the teacher to point out the mistake and tell the pupil in what it consists, but the correction should always come from the pupil. In fact, the best way of overcoming the defect in self-reliance is to obtain a plenty of practice in solving problems and to follow the proverb "Learn by doing."

In short, the student of mathematics should try to find some meaning in what is to be learned so that he may associate it with the rest of experience in an intelligible way. He should engage his power of observation so as to find the shortest, quickest and most reasonable way of solving problems; and lastly he should cultivate self-reliance, which when combined with the other suggestions will always bring success.

E. DEWULF.

Athletic Notes.

The season when the gridiron hero holds sway is with us again, and just now the most important question is: "Shall we have a good team this year?" From the present outlook we shall. Last season at this date we were in very bad shape and had scarcely enough

men out to form an eleven. To-day there are from twenty to twenty-five men reporting for practice, with new candidates appearing every day. One very encouraging fact is that but four of last year's squad are missing, and while their places may be hard to fill still the prospects are better than we expected. We shall not venture to make any predictions at this early date, but the students may rest assured that Notre Dame's colors will be as well taken care of as heretofore, and if that is done there can be no complaint.

Captain Salmon has a hard task on his hands this year. Coaching two squads and playing at the same time is not the most pleasant work one could find. Our Captain is a man equal to the emergency, however. Success to him.

The following members of last year's squad have thus far reported for practice: Captain Salmon, full-back; H. J. McGlew, quarter-back; Cullinan, tackle; Fansler, tackle; Lonergan and Nyere, ends. Prominent also among the squad are Beacom, a Prep last season, and Kasper and Sheehan of last year's Inter-Hall teams. The two latter are trying for the back field, while Beacom is showing up as one of the most promising of the line-men. Niezer, half-back on last year's second team, has also reported for practice. There are several likely-looking ones amongst the new timber, but the majority of them are practically inexperienced.

McCaffrey, a 200-pound man, made his appearance on the campus the other afternoon. If a few of these prize ones would only drop in to strengthen the line, Notre Dame stock would be away above par.

If the crowds would keep back to the side lines during practice instead of following the men up and down the field it would give Captain Salmon a better opportunity of directing the work of his men and also give the spectators themselves a better view of the practice.

There are still two weeks left for training for the first game, which will be with Michigan Agricultural on Oct. 3d. The Michiganders generally bring a husky set down with them, so it will be a good try-out for our men.

Perhaps the hardest places to be filled on the team this year will be those vacated by Doar, O'Malley and Gillen.

Donovan, full-back on St. Vincent's team of Chicago last year, is out trying for the back-field.

The Trojans are reorganizing, and with the large number of old players back, they should be stronger than ever before. McGlew, the Varsity quarter-back, will coach them.

The services of a coach have been dispensed with for this season, so all the work in this line will be done by Captain Salmon. Trainer Holland will look after the physical condition of the men, and we can assure our readers that under his guidance they will be in condition when the time comes.

McGlew and Nyere are working well at quarter.

Manager Daly is well pleased with the outlook, and says he expects the record of last year's team to be equalled if not surpassed. He will announce the schedule in a week or so.

Captain Salmon says "good heavy men are needed for the line. The back field will, in all probability, be strong, and the chances are brightening every day—let's hope." True for the Captain, and he may be sure we will hope when he is at the helm.

Draper, Desmond, Shaughnessy, McDermott and Steiner are expected soon by Manager Daly.

Wanted—Every man, boy or child between the ages of 18 and 30, and weighing one hundred and sixty pounds or over to report to Captain Salmon for football suits, etc., to be used on campus at certain hours.

The track candidates will have their first try-out on October 13. Manager Daly and Trainer Holland have planned an open handicap meet which is expected to overshadow anything of the kind ever held at Notre Dame. This meet will serve for a double purpose, first to discover the ability of the men, and secondly,

to arouse interest in this particular branch of sport. Every man at the University should enter so as to make the affair a success. Remember, the contest is to be a handicap meet and no one person will have any particular advantage over his neighbor. The date is October 13.

The various Hall teams should be organized as early as possible and an Inter-Hall schedule arranged. The contests are usually the most interesting and exciting to be seen at the University and this season we should have more of them than formerly.

A few good football songs to liven up matters during the home contests would not be a bad idea. It is not a very difficult matter to write a parody on some of the popular songs. Let some of our musically inclined friends try a few. They can hand in their efforts to the editor and have them published for all the rooters to learn, then we can make Cartier Field resound with the praises of our moleskin heroes. Trainer Holland is looking after the men of the football squad in a zealous manner. His training should prove of material assistance to them during the hard struggle later on. Tom did wonders with a raw bunch in track work last year, so we have considerable faith in him and his methods.

It was very amusing to watch the old players fighting for "Roaring" Gace Nillen's corn shoes, when the football shoes were being distributed the other day.

That the pigskin is a favorite among our smaller friends in St. Edward's Hall can be easily seen by paying a visit to their campus at any "rec" hour. Carroll Hall, too, seems to be full of the spirit, nearly half a dozen teams having already started operations.

Our old rival, Purdue, began training the last week in August with a squad which is reported to be the strongest in the history of that institution. They have also engaged Cutts, the Harvard star of last season, to coach the team. With all this early season training, and an efficient coach they should give a good account of themselves this year. Perhaps they are determined to win the state championship—well, that story will be told later.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Locals.

—Many improvements have been made in the Church of the Sacred Heart since we saw it last June. Under the direction of Professor Green electric lights have been installed, and Brother Frederick is now busy inserting new transoms. The doors look well in their new suits of Spanish mahogany paint.

—St. Joseph's Hall boys are working hard to have a good football team this year. At a meeting held last Monday, Mr. J. W. Sheehan was elected temporary captain and Mr. T. Toner, coach. They expect to have a winning team and say that already so much good material has shown up that it will be hard to pick their men. With proper training and encouragement we know our team will be hard to beat.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary Society reorganized. As soon as the meeting was called the election of officers took place. Messrs. J. I. O'Phelan was elected President; M. Griffin, Vice-President; William F. Robinson, Secretary; Thomas Toner, Moderator; P. Malloy, Sergeant-at-Arms. Messrs. T. Toner, J. W. Sheehan, E. O'Flynn, D. Calcestrate and J. Cunningham were appointed to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws. The next appointment was that of a program committee consisting of W. F. Robinson, A. O'Connell and G. McGillis. The old members are highly pleased at the bright prospects of the society and invite all ex-members to join again.

Personals.

—Robert J. Sweeny, '03, called at Notre Dame on his way to Harvard where he intends to study law.

—Tom Mott (Law '96), who is now one of the leading lawyers of Porto Rico visited the College during the week. He was accompanied by his brother.

—Post Department Commander Travis, of Indiana, has been visiting his son, Rev. C. Claud Travis, at South Bend, Ind., and the famous G. A. R. Post at Notre Dame, composed of priests who served in the Union Army. He describes them as a splendid body of learned and patriotic men.—*National Tribune*, Washington D. C.

—The Indianapolis *Commercial Reporter* announces the appointment of Hon. W. P. Breen on the Executive Committee of the American Bar Association. A short time previous Mr. Breen was elected President of the Indiana State Bar Association. Mr. Breen is a distinguished graduate of Notre Dame and a generous benefactor of the College. We take pleasure in his new honors.